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EPIC COMICS®

*Clive Barker's*  
**NIGHT  
BREED™**



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*Clive Barker's*  
**NIGHT BREED**

THE BLASPHEMERS  
PART THREE

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CLIVE BARKER'S NIGHT BREED Vol. 1 No. 8, March, 1991. Published by EPIC COMICS, Office of Publication: 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016. Published bimonthly. CLIVE BARKER'S NIGHT BREED (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of Morgan Creek Productions. "Epic Comics" is a registered trademark of Epic Comics. CLIVE BARKER'S NIGHT BREED Copyright © 1991 Morgan Creek Productions. All rights reserved. All other material copyright © 1991 Epic Comics. All rights reserved.

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EIGHT YEARS OF MEDICAL SCHOOL AND THE PROMISE OF A LUCRATIVE CAREER IN ANESTHESIOLOGY WASN'T ENOUGH TO KEEP JOHN TIERNAN FROM ANSWERING THE CALL OF THE CHIEF SURGEON IN THE SKY.

THAT'S  
FATHER  
JOHN  
TIERNAN.

HEARD  
SOMETHING...

NOT THAT THE GOOD  
REVEREND'S STUD-  
IES WERE ALL FOR  
NAUGHT...

ASHBERRY?  
ASH, IS THAT  
YOU?!

MINE...  
MY THINGS...  
MINE... MY  
THINGS...

MANY A LATE HOUR BEFORE  
AN ANESTHESIOLOGIST'S  
BOOKS TAUGHT FATHER  
TIERNAN THE IMPORTANCE  
OF SHUT EYE...

IT'S BEEN  
YEARS...  
SINCE YOU  
TOOK THE  
RESIDENCY  
AT SHERE-  
NECK--

SHERECK...  
BY MIDIAN...

FOR HIS PART, FATHER TIERNAN  
PRIDES HIMSELF ON GETTING HIS  
EIGHT HOURS, AN EVENING RITUAL  
OF PILLOWS AND MATTRESSES  
THAT HE STILL BEGINS...

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN  
TO SLEEP, I PRAY THE  
LORD MY SOUL TO  
KEEP."

...A LESSON SOME PARISHONERS  
FIND HARD AT WORK IN THE RAM-  
BLING DRONE OF THE PRIESTS'  
SUNDAY SERMONS.

WHAT'VE  
YOU GOT THERE?  
ASH?

MY THINGS...  
STORED UPSTAIRS,  
HID IN ATTIC... FOR  
WHEN I'D NEED  
THEM AGAIN...

ASH--  
ASHBERRY,  
WAIT!

FOR GOD'S  
SAKE, MAN, WHAT'S  
HAPPENED TO  
YOU?!?

"IF I SHOULD DIE  
BEFORE I WAKE..."

NOT  
EXACTLY WHAT  
YOU'D CALL  
PLEASANT  
DREAMS, EH,  
PADRE?

FOR  
GOD'S  
SAKE...

"Light me, a  
candle," SAID  
FLESH <sup>to</sup> the FLAME









"WE'RE HUNTING THE  
DEVIL HIMSELF!"

BRATA  
BRATA  
BRATA  
BRATA  
BRATA

MUZZLE  
FLASH.  
RECOL IN  
THE GUT.  
RIPPING  
ECHO.

WHAT MORE  
COULD A  
MAN WANT,  
STANLEY?

KCHK

LIVE  
TARGETS?

THERE'S A  
PET STORE  
COUPLA BLOCKS  
OVER. RITEGRIG.  
PUDDLES. KITTENS.  
I COULD--

SOME  
OTHER  
TIME.





"KNOW YOUR ENEMY--  
GET THAT THROUGH  
YOUR SKULLS AND WE'VE  
GODDAS WON!"



AARON  
BOONE -- CABAL,  
BESTIAL, FEROCIOUS  
TRANSFORMATIONS.

HIS RELIGIOUS FERVOR AS YOUR  
"MESSIAH" MAKES HIM PARTICULARLY  
DANGEROUS, THOUGH INDICATIONS OF  
SELF-DOUBT IN HIS POSITION OF  
"CHOSEN ONE" SUGGEST CERTAIN  
VULNERABILITIES.



PAYING  
ATTENTION?

QUESTIONS?  
COMMENTS?

YEAH.  
EVER THINK OF  
GETTING A NOSE  
JOB?

REALLY,  
MULCIBER  
THIS IS NOT  
THE TIME--

--NOR  
ARE YOU ONE  
TO TALK.

DOES THIS  
HAVE CHER? I  
LOVE HER!

I C-C-CAN'T, CAN'T  
SEE N-N-NOTHING,  
NOTHING, FACHAN...

SSH, IT'S  
OKAY, DAGON  
--IT'S OKAY,  
BIG GUY!

HEY,  
PROJECTION-  
IST-- THE  
PICTURE  
SUCKS!





QUIET,  
PIGLET

HEY,  
RITEGRIG--  
THE PICTURE  
SUCKS.



WHAT DO  
YOU EXPECT  
FROM A MOTEL  
SECURITY  
CAMERA?

NOW GET  
WITH THE  
PROGRAM!



NARCISSE,  
THEIR RESIDENT  
THESPIAN.

EQUAL PARTS COWARD  
AND PSYCHOPATH.



BLAAGH!

EAT THIS  
YOU RAW-  
FACED PIECE  
OF--



GUIDO.

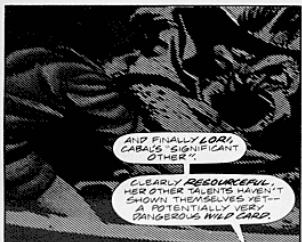
LIMITED CON-  
VERSATIONAL SKILLS  
OFFSET BY A DEADLY  
MANIPULATION OF  
HIS OWN SPINAL  
COLUMN.



WHY HURT  
AELLO? SHE'S  
SO NICE AND  
PRETTY AND--

UM, THAT'S  
YOU UP THERE,  
MY DEAR. YOU  
DO REALIZE  
THAT, DON'T--

OH,  
NEVER  
MIND.







STANLEY

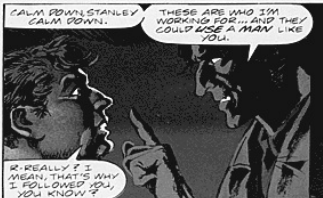


JESUS, RITEGRIG!  
GET THAT THING OUT  
OF MY EYES! I CAN'T  
SEE --

--A  
DAMN  
THING.



OH CHRIST RITEGRIG!  
WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY  
I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHING  
YOU KNOW I JUST WANTED  
IN JUST WANTED A TASTE  
OF ACTION AGAIN PLEASE  
ALLEN DON'T LET THEM!



CALM DOWN, STANLEY.  
CALM DOWN.

THESE ARE WHO I'M  
WORKING FOR... AND THEY  
COULD USE A MAN LIKE  
YOU.

R. REALLY? I  
MEAN, THAT'S WHY  
I FOLLOWED YOU,  
YOU KNOW?



I THOUGHT I  
COULD BE A PART  
OF THINGS...

ABSOLUTELY,  
STANLEY...





I GOT IT FOR YOU, DRAGON. IT'S OKAY.

WELL, THE WAY I SEE BAPHOMET'S LAW OF MEAT IS THAT IT'S PROBABLY JUST LIKE MAN-MADE RELIGIOUS LAWS OF NOT EATING PORK OR SEAFOOD, OR NOT HAVING SEX BEFORE MARRIAGE.



MOST THINGS LIKE THAT CAME OUT OF PRAGMATIC ROOTS AND GOT TWISTED AROUND INTO RELIGIOUS DOCTRINE TO EXPAND THE POWER OF HOLY LEADERS.



IF YOU LOOK AT IT THAT WAY, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TO WORRY OVER.

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS, FACHAN.

PISLET, DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO ADD?



YEAH -- **UURP!**

SOMEBODY PASS THE KETCHUP.









MAYBE I'LL PASS...

GO AHEAD, CABAL--  
YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD  
AND NIGHTBREED, SO  
IT AIN'T LIKE THE STUFFS  
GONNA KILL YOU.



WOW!

JUST CALL  
ME THE FRUGAL  
GOURMET.



WHAT'S GOING TO  
HAPPEN, BOONE? WITH  
THOSE OTHER NIGHTBREEDS  
WITH ME?

THOSE OTHERS I'M  
PRETTY SURE WE SCARED  
OFF-- KINSKI WILL WANT  
ME TO PLAY "CABAL"  
SOME MORE TO KEEP  
THEM ON "HOLY" PATH--  
BUT WE'LL SEE ABOUT  
THAT.

HOW DO  
YOU MEAN  
WITH YOU,  
HON?

WHAT'S HAPPENED  
WITH ME NOW THAT  
I'M NIGHTBREED?

I DON'T SEEM ANY  
DIFFERENT. I DON'T  
LOOK LIKE KINSKI, I  
CAN'T TAKE MYSELF  
APART LIKE GUIDO...



YOU'RE STRONGER.  
WE'LL FIGURE YOU'RE  
GONNA BE LIVING  
LONGER--THOUGH  
"LIVE" IS A RELATIVE  
TERM.

DON'T BE IN SUCH A  
RUSH TO GROW TENTACLES  
FROM YOUR EYEBALLS.



AND IF SOME-  
THING LIKE THAT  
DOES HAPPEN?

I TOLD YOU  
A LONG TIME  
AGO, LOVE...

...I'LL NEVER  
LEAVE YOU.



AND WHO KNOWS?  
MAYBE IT'LL BE LIKE  
YOU GETTING REALLY  
BIG KNOCKERS.

WHAT? LIKE  
THERE'S SOME-  
THING WRONG  
WITH THEM  
NOW, YOU--

















MAYBE  
YOU AIN'T  
SO BAD,  
NARCISSE!



DON'T  
COUNT  
ON IT.



SOMETHING I'VE  
BEEN WANTING TO  
ASK ALL OF YOU...

WE DIDN'T  
GO FOR IT  
WHEN  
MULCIBER  
OFFERED US  
MEAT... BUT  
WE ALL  
WANTED  
TO.



WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED  
TO -- AIN'T THAT  
ENOUGH?

WHEN YOU  
GET RIGHT DOWN  
TO IT, THOUGH, WHY  
SHOULDN'T WE?



GOOD EATS, HUH?  
YOU DIDN'T NEED NONE  
O' THAT STORE-  
BOUGHT CRAP!

NO, THIS IS  
TERRIFIC! SO  
CHUNKY YOU'LL  
WANT TO USE  
A FORK...



...TO KILL  
THE BITS STILL  
MOVING!



FAR AS I'M CONCERNED,  
CABAL, I JUST DON'T WANT  
THAT 20 FOOT TALL SON OF  
A BITCH BASHMYET  
AFTER MY ASS!

INSPIRING,  
NARCISSE

KINGKI...  
WHAT ABOUT  
YOU?







LOCK  
AND LOAD,  
TROOPS...

--IT'S  
NIGHTREED  
SEASON!

NEXT: CABAL & COMPANY'S  
ONLY CHANCE FOR SURVIVAL  
LIES INSIDE "THE CHICKEN  
COOP OF THE SOUL" --BE  
THERE IN SIXTY!

"know your enemy —  
get that through  
your skulls and  
we're good as won."